

the cuirassiers without it being possible to stop them. A second conflict more bloody than the first, took place at all points. Our troops, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's batteries and infantry, heroically sustained and executed numerous brilliant charges during two hours in which we had the glory of taking six flags, dismounting several batteries and cutting to pieces four regiments; but in which we also lost the flower of our intrepid cuirassiers and of the cavalry of the Guard.

The Emperor, whom this fatal engagement filled with despair, could not remedy it. Grouchy did not arrive; and he had already been obliged to weaken his reserves by 41KK) of the Young Guard, in order to master the Prussians, whose numbers and whose progress were still increasing.

Meantime our cavalry, weakened by a considerable loss and unequal contests incessantly renewed, began to be disheartened, and to yield ground. The issue of the battle appeared to become doubtful. It was necessary to strike a grand blow by a desperate attack.

The Emperor did not hesitate a moment.

Orders were immediately given to Count Keille to collect all his forces, and to fall with impetuosity on the right of the enemy, while Napoleon in person proceeded to attack the front with his reserves. The Emperor had already formed his Guard into a column of attack, when he heard that our cavalry had just been compelled to evacuate in part the heights of Mont St. Jean. Marshal Ney was immediately ordered to take with him four battalions of the Middle Guard, and hasten with all speed to the fatal height, to support the cuirassiers by whom it, was still occupied.

The determined aspect of the Guard, and the harangues of Napoleon, animated the courage of all : the cavalry and a few battalions who had followed his movement to the rear faced about towards the enemy shouting, "The Emperor forever!"^{*1}

At this moment the firing of musketry was heard. "There's Grouchy!" exclaimed the Emperor. "The day is ours!" LaMoyne new to announce this happy news to the army: in spite of the enemy he penetrated to the head of our columns. ** Marshal Grouchy is arriving, the Guard is going to charge: courage! courage! *the all over with the English."

One last shout of hope burst from every rank: the wounded who were still capable of taking a few shots returned to the combat, and thousands of voices eagerly repeated, "Forward! forward!"

The column commanded by ** the bravest of the brave," on his arrival in the face of the «»n<*wy, was received by discharges of artillery that occasioned it a terrible loss. Marshal Ney, weary of bullets, ordered the batteries to be carried by the bayonet. The grenadiers rushed on them with such impetuosity that they neglected the admirable order to which they had been so often indebted for victory. Their leader, intoxicated with Intrepidity, did not perceive this disorder. He and his soldiers rushed on the enemy tumultuously. A shower of balls and grape burst on their heads. Key's horse was shot under him, Generals Michel and Friant fell wounded or dead, and a number of brave fellows were stretched